A Tale of the Wonderful Sahara.

t the reader will be curious to e matter was with Androvsky, an. self-conscious hero of Rob-story of "The Garden of Allah" A Stokes Company). Why was he raide to the heroine, a very pretty English lady, in the railroad train on the way to the Sahara Desert? Why was he noccupied hotel at Beni-Moraommanding a desert prospect so rgeous and profound impressions a crowded pages to tell about

The heroine herself was tremendously curious about Androvsky. To be sure re were others to interest her. There was the Count Anteoni, hailing from Rome and Sicily, who lived in a wonderful garden of trees and sand. Attendants, displaying naked and perfect feet, went about the Count's garden with cigarettes and roses in their hands. There was one who never went about, but who sat all day playing love songs on a flute. As we read about him we were glad to be out of hearing. The Count also had a purple china dog that sat with his tail curled over his back sternly staring into vacancy." We felt that our own modest desires would hardly include the china dog.

Then there was the spectral Arab, who tooked into the seeds of time by scrutinizing a bag of sand. If Col. Tody Hamilton or Col. George Starr had ever set eyes on him he would have left the Sahara and entered into Barnum & Bailey's Greatest Show, "He innest man she had ever seen. and stood almost as if he were The line of his delicate and arbitrary features was fierce. His face was litted with smallpox and marked by an old iently made by a knife, which stretched from his left cheek to his foreand ending just over his left eyebrow." He might have been a German student if he had been properly rounded out, and exother reasons. "The expression of his eyes was almost disgustingly intelligent. While they were fixed upon her, Domini felt as if her body were a glass box n which all her thoughts, feelings and dere ranged for his inspection."

It would be vain to attempt to rehearse here all that the heroine found interesting Africa. Take merely the impressions upon her when she first heard icken Arabis flute the same stant love song of the flute seemed

making this indeed a wonderland. She hand and was leading her about | to be full of sex, like his hands." Vaver before had she heard any sie that seemed to mean and suggest so grasped Domini's fancy and laid sounded as naïvely sincere as the song of a | We read: re like the heart of a child, a place revelation, not of concerlment. The sun made men careless here. They opened the warm and glowing rooms. Domini poked at the gentle Arab youth beside her, already twice married and twice divorced. she listened to Larbi's unending song of have been dead all my life, dead in life." hat was harribly possible. She knew it her quietly but irresistibly. The dream of this garden was quick with a vague and yet fierce stirring of realities. There was a murmuring of many small and distiny things following restless activities in a deep forest. As she stood there the last grain of European dust was lifted from Domini's soul. How deeply it had been

buried, and for how many years." Domini was 32 years old. As she was rich and good looking, we must think it her own fault that she was not married in England. Of course, the story reader will be thankful to the author for bringing ber to Africa to receive impressions. orived plenty of them. Africa is set before us as the land of rest, but Domini was not very restful there. She tried to get to sleep by reading Newman. It rained.

She got up and looked out of the window. "Heavy rain was falling. The night was very black and smelt rich and damp, as if it held in its arms strange offerings-a perchandise altogether foreign, tropical and alluring. As she stood there, face to face with a wonder that she could not see, Domini forgot Newman, Co felt the brave companionship of mystery. In it the divined the beating pulses, the bot, surging blood of freedom."

It is curious how we look for freedom in a world in which we are very much constrained. It has never seemed to us that we should better our unquestionably fettered condition by going to the Desert of Sahara. Domini had ber own ideas and hones. We read:

She wanted freedom, a wide horizon, the great winds, the great sun, the terrible spaces, the glowing, shimmering radiance, the hot, entrancing noons and bloomy, purple nights of Africa. She wanted the mad's fires and the acid voices of the Kabyle dogs. She wanted the roar of the the clash of the cymbals, the rattle of the negroes' castanets, the flutering, painted figures of the dancers. She wanted more than she could express more than she knew. It was there, want, nostrils this strange and wealthy atmos-

"Noon" in the story is more than once



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printed "moon," but that slight difficulty does not much disturb us. We are will ing to believe that the Sahara moon is hot as midday, if the printers insist upon it and if the editors are agreeable. That there are cool winds in Africa we learn a little further along. The heroine was journeying into the desert in a railroad train. The

"The wind was really cold and blowing gustily. She drank it in as if she were tasting a new wine, and she was conscious at once that she had never before breathed such air. There was a wonderful, a startling flavor in it, the flavor of gigantic spaces a d of rolling leagues of emptiness. Neither among mountains nor upon the sea had she ever found an atmosphere so fiercely pure, clean and lively with unutterable freedom. She leaned out to it, shutting her eyes. And now that she saw nothing her palate savored it more intensely. The thought of her father [domestic sorrows had detached him from the habit of religious observance] fled from her. All detailed thoughts, all the minutize of the mind were swept away. She was bracing herself to an encounter with something gigantic, something unshackled, the being from whose lips this wonderful breath flowed."

It is possible that the reader will stop to inquire of himself what he thinks of this wind. We dare say that in thoughtful moments he has looked for a weathercock to instruct or confirm him as to the quarter from which the wind blew. Perhaps he has detected in the wind in the course of his experience the flavor of rolling leagues of emptiness. If there was sand in the wind he may have had sharp impressions Our heroine was alive to the qualities of this wind. The story says: "When two lovers kiss their breath mingles, and if they really love, each is conscious that in the breath of the loved one is the loved one's soul coming forth from the temple of the body through the temple door. As Domini leaned out seeing nothing she was conscious that in this breath she drank there was a soul, and it seemed to her that it was the soul which flames in the centre of things and beyond."

For Domini many things were full of luminous and strong impressions. There was Androvsky's hand. They were on the Count's hotel tower together. "The man laid one of his brown hands on the top of the parapet. She looked at it and it seemed to her that she had never before een the back of a hand express so much of character, look so intense, so ardent and that multitudes of us doubtless would | so melancholy as his.* There is something he willing and even eager to forego. We about the veins in his hand which we omitted to mark. We are sorry. His voice was also remarkable. "There was an odd Domini the last touch of enchantment | muttering sound in his voice, which was deep and probably strong, but which he not move, and held up her hands | kept low. Domini thought it was the most feet of Smain [who had a rose | male voice she had ever heard. It seemed

There was a novelist once who took note of the wonderful power of expression that oral gardener. Queer and un- his particular observation was being flogged. as it was, distorted with ornaments It will be noticed that the hand studied by and tricked out with abrupt runs, ex- Domini was merely lying on a parapet unnecessary grace notes, and that the most male voice she had ever heard sudden twitterings prolonged till a strange was speaking with much reservation and frivolous Eternity tripped in to banish | and embarrassment. Hearing Androvsky's voice and remarking his hand, it is natural a spell upon her imagination. For it | that she should have regarded him further.

"She glanced at him again. He was a big man, but very thin. Her experienced eyes of an athletic woman told her that he was capable of great and prolonged muscular exertion. He was big boned and deep chested, and had nervous as well as muscular strength."

recorded later on. It is chronicled at love. And she said to herself: 'These page 259: "She loved Androvsky. Everyeople, civilized or not, at least live, and I | thing in her loved him; all that she had been, all that she was, all that she could ever be loved him; that which was physical in her, as she felt the enormously powerful spell | that which was spiritual, the brain, the of Africa descending upon her, enveloping heart, the soul, body and flame burning within it-all that had made her the wonder that is woman, loved him. She was love for Androvsky.

We approve of this. It will be noticed tant voices, like the voices of innumerable that it occurs only at page 259. It is at page 267 that we find Androvsky first declaring his love. When he comes to it he does it with commendable ardor. We

"Then Androvsky came back quickly till he reached the place where Domini was standing. He put his hands on her shoulders. Then he sank down on the sand, letting his hands slip down over her breast and along her whole body till they clasped themselves around her knees. He pressed his face into her dress against her knees.

"'I love you,' he said, 'I love you-but don't listen to me-you mustn't hear ityou mustn't. But I must say it. I can't -I can't go till I say it. I love you-I love

"She heard him sobbing against her knees, and the sound was as the sound of strength made audible. She put her hands against

"I am listening,' she said, 'I must hear it.' "He looked up, rose to his feet, put his hands behind her shoulders, held her, and

set his lips on hers pressing his whole body "'Hear it,' he said, muttering against her

'Hear it. I love you-I love you. "The two birds they had seen flew back beneath the trees, turned in an airy circle, rose above the trees into the blue sky, and, side by side, winged their way out of the

garden to the desert." The birds were not essential to our gratification. The question remains whether it was proper for a Trappist monk for twenty years incarcerated thus to manifest a

natural and perhaps a gross disposition. The story is full of observations that interest us, as very famous stories have been before. The palm trees had "long, thin stems and drooping, feathery leaves" that were "living and pathetic as the night thoughts of a woman who has suffered. but who turns, with a gesture that will not be denied, to the luminance that dwells at the heart of the world." "The faint cries of the birds dropped down like jewels slip-ping from the trees." "There in an intensity of feeling that generates action, but there is a greater intensity of feeling that renders action impossible, the feeling that seems to turn a human being into a shell of stone within which burn all the fires of creation." The story itself interests

is. We wish to know what will come of the marriage of an escaped Trappist monk with a beautiful and mentally gifted English lady 32 years of age. The pictures of Africa and of the desert "spirit" are interesting, though a little reiterant and overcharged with a poet's visions and emotions. We have read with some difficulty, but not without considerable gratification.

Remarkable Verse by Mr. Heaton.

"Fancies and Thoughts in Verse" is a collection of some two hundred commonplace verses written by Augustus George Heaton and published by the Poet Lore Company. The most remarkable thing or great admiration to a number of persons about this book is the number of poems and the period of time covered in the writ- without individual subject)." The most days the translators shirked nothing.

PUBLICATIONS.

PUBLICATIONS.



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ing, which includes Lincoln's reelection careful study of the amatory poems under on the one hand and verses written during the past year on the other. The author degree compromising or calling for the has been a student at the Ecole des Beaux | display of a danger signal. Arts in Paris; in fact he was the first American student of the school, and we have poems devoted to that phase of life. He has also travelled in Italy like a few other people, and he describes his journey in varse. He is a life member of the Archeoogical and Numismatic Society of New ork, and writes all about that in rhyme that would be difficult for the ordinary reader to grasp only that the author carefully explains the science of coins in a

Mr. Heaton has also written a series of verses to women, as Browning, Swinburne and all the ordinary poets have done, but uniike them he has prefaced this department with an explanatory introduction which protects him from any entangle-ments and reads as follows: "Poems to the Fair Sex' (written in moods of gallantry | Urquhart's translation with Motteux's conever honorably known or as sentimental into Elizabethan English that Rabelais from their literary output, perhaps few esented, the variety of themes handled effusions of poetic indulgence at times could be rendered, and, at any rate, in those young French writers. Anatole France

this heading reveals nothing in the slightest

Rabelals Expurgated.

The laudable design of introducing French classics to English readers who know no French has been formed by Prof. Adolphe Cohn and Dr. Curtis Hidden Page of Columbia University. The beginning of the enterprise is the "Rabelais" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), edited by Dr. Page, a handsome, well printed volume now before us will be followed by a volume of Montaigne and by two of Molière, and later by one volume each of Beaumarchais and of George Sand. What the lady has to do in such company we do not see, but doubtless the editors have reasons for including her where they leave out Voltaire and Diderot among others.

Dr. Page has had the good taste to select | Rabelais. tinuation for the text. It is perhaps only



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PUBLICATIONS.

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LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK.

Dr. Page uses the knife, and how he does the common man in France can. For slash! It is true that Rabelais must be Rabelais's fun and wit are essentially him to others.

To his excerpts Dr. Page prefixes a very understand one without nerves unsatisfactory introduction. The few as-certained facts about Rabelais are there. though, curiously enough, all mention of of sympathy for his subject. He handles Rabelais with the tongs, a proper enough twentieth century state of mind, but hardly that with which a great genius should be in the world should he compare Rabelais a way, would puzzle and disappoint the pur to Sterne? The two have nothing in comhe is incapable of wholly comprehending with American conditions is shown

literary Anglo-Saxon can do that, and, but he belongs to an older time, and

made to fit into one volume; it is true that Gallic; the joycusness, the heartiness of what he wrote cannot be read by boarding his coarse fun are Latin now. The Elizaschool misses, and that possibly Mr. An- bethan Englishman understood it. but thony Comstock might interfere with an Puritanism killed it. We find it in Falstaff. accurate publication, but Dr. Page's cuts at times in Fielding. Swift has the coarseare so savage that those who know their ness without the joyousness. But there is Rabelais will close the book at once. It no trace of sentimentality in Rabelais, may give an indication of something about whatever seriousness may underly his satire; and a neurotic generation cannot

A Literary Detective Tale.

It is a pleasure to come across a good. the Pantagruel is omitted in the biography-It reads like a perfunctory college lecture. are painful possibilities in "The Summit There is laudation enough, but no sign House Mystery by L. Dougall (Funk & Wagnalls Company), but we put them aside in fol lowing the intricacies of the plot. The publishers show judgment in discarding the English title of the story. The Earthly approached. He makes comparisons. Why Purgatory," which though appropriate in chiser. We cannot believe that the story mon. Dr. Page simply shows that he is originated in England, for the scene is in as unable to understand Sterne as, we fear, the United States and complete familiarity

The reader is led on from what promises For that matter we doubt if any modern to be an idyllic love story imperceptibly into the tangle of a mysterious murder The probability as to who the murderer is shifts

Continued on Eighth Page.

PUBLICATIONS

Harper's Book News

Nothing seems able to halt the onward rush of that great novel, "The Masquerader."

The Bell in the Fog

A new volume of short stories by Gertrude Atherton. The author of "The Conqueror" and "Ruler of Kings" has written nothing which so powerfully por-trays her style and her genius as a story-teller as do these tales. Subtle in conception and execution, at times intensely dramatic, they recall the work of Maupassant. The stories cover a wide variety of subjects and are all refreshingly original.

The Slanderers

Readers of Warwick Deeping's medieval romances will find the same charm of style and story in his new novel of vivid life. The "star-crossed lovers" are drawn into the toils of a sordid, gossiping community where the tongue of slander does its worst, bringing about an engrossing situation in an unusually strong plot.

The Son of Royal Langbrith

Mr. Howell's latest novel is not "one of the strongest," but is the strongest piece of work he has yet done. It is a story that seizes upon the reader in the first pages and with dramatic intensity grips him to the close. "One of the best American novels of our time."-Dial.

A Ladder of Swords

No one who felt the spell and charm of "The Right of Way" will fail to read Sir Gilbert Parker's new romance. The story is one of "love, laughter and tears" of a bygone age, that becomes very real to us in these delightful pages.

Nostromo

This is the crowning work of Joseph Conrad. "A perfectly amazing book," declares the London Athenæum. "It is less a novel than an opera in prose. The sounding music of the tale rises and falls, tades and swells, advancing ever to the ordered crash of its finale.'

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Reverses Recorder Goff.

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Goff admitted evidence as to a previous marriage which was inadmiss ble. PUBLICATIONS.

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